THE DRAFT RIOTS.

Five Days of Disorder in New York in 1863.

A VERY SUDDEN OUTBREAK.

It is Here Reviewed After Twenty-five Years—"Down with the $300 Exempts." Slaughter of Negroes—The Shocking Murder of Col. O'Brien—The Disturbance Quelled at Last.

On Monday, July 13, 1863, without a moment's warning apparently, and contrary to the expressed opinion of all the officers of the law, a riot began in the Twenty-second ward of New York city, which spread rapidly over all that section west of Broadway from Fulton street north to Fifty-fifth, and raged for five days with great fury. On Saturday, the 11th, the daily papers announced that drafting would that day begin in the T[illegible]-

RUINS OF PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE.

second ward, being the third sub-division of the Ninth congressional district of the state, the provost marshal's districts being for the most part identical with the congressional districts. Both on Saturday and Monday the papers announced that all would be quiet. Before many hours one journal's office was on fire and a mob was hunting for the editor, and before Friday noon the city of which, according to that paper, "the most perfect quiet was assured," had lost $2,000,000 by fire and robbery, while some 200 of its citizens had been slaughtered. It may be profitable to trace the genesis and evolution of such an unexpected, murderous and destructive mob.

Unquestionably the most gloomy period of the civil war, for the Federal side, was the last week of June and first three days of July, 1863. On the Potomac every movement for ten months had resulted in disaster. In Middle Tennessee the army of Rosecrans was a hundred miles nearer the Ohio than was the advance of Mitchel and Buell a year before, while of Grant the public only knew that after some brilliant victories he had remained five weeks in front of Vicksburg and could not know that Pemberton's surrender was near. In this condition of affairs the Washington authorities ordered a draft for "300,000 more!" Scarcely had the people read this order when they learned that Lee had invaded Pennsylvania with eighty thousand veterans, flushed with victory, and immediately after that Hooker had been "relieved from command," and the Army of the Potomac placed under a general of whom not one in ten of the people had ever heard. The most steadfast supporters of the administration wavered in their support. The cynical sneered and the critical loudly exclaimed against this "unstable and shifting policy," while the opposition press, especially in New York city, flamed with fiery invectives against the emancipation proclamation, against the employment of negro troops, against the "arbitrary arrests" of opposition speakers, against the suspension of the right of habeas corpus and especially against the draft, which they alleged to be unconstitutional and unfairly executed. In this condition of the public mind nearly all the militia of New York city were sent into Pennsylvania to serve against the invaders, and it was generally expected that the Fourth of July would witness a riot.

Midnight of the 3d brought the first authentic news of Gettysburg. Gen. Meade telegraphed that he had "repulsed the enemy at all points." Before noon of the 4th the people read on all the bulletin boards of the principal cities that "the Union army has won a glorious victory." By night it was added that "the Confederate Gen. Longstreet is killed; we have 10,000 prisoners, and nothing can save Lee's army from capture or destruction." Only two days later the people of Richmond read in their papers: "We have captured 40,000 Yankees; Baltimore and Philadelphia are at our mercy." But the early dispatches of July 4 were official and implicitly believed in New York, and the day was one of the most peaceful in her history.

Soon after came the inspiring news from Vicksburg, and immediately after that the report of Gen. Rosecrans that he had driven Bragg from Tullahoma. There was a general acceptance of the official assurance that no trouble need be apprehended, and so the draft was ordered to proceed. Some measures were taken to test the constitutionality of the conscription act—an unsettled point in United States law—and it was quite generally believed by the opponents of the act that the course of those New England governors who refused to obey the conscription acts of 1812-14 would be taken as a precedent. Still it was emphatically declared by Governor Seymour and his supporters that it was ex-

BURNING OF COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

clusively a question for the courts, and that their decision would be final. Provost Marshal Charles E. Jenkins gave notice that the draft would be made in this manner: The name of each enrolled man, with his residence and color, to be written on a slip of paper six inches long and one inch wide, each slip to be rolled closely and a rubber ring put around it; these to be placed in a cylinder hung on an axis, to be whirled around before each drawing, and at the call of each number a name would be drawn by a blindfolded man. And thus the drafting began at his office, No. 677 Third avenue, on Saturday morning in the presence of about 150 persons besides the enrolling officers, clerks and a large corps of reporters. "There was great hilarity and good humor," say the reports—"it was looked upon as a matter of course." There were 1,500 names to be drawn there, and 1,236 were drawn that day. Charles H. Carpenter did the drawing, and the first name out was that of "William Jones, Forty-sixth street, near Tenth avenue," who was long and loudly cheered by the crowd as the first man drafted in New York.

The Sunday papers published the list of the drafted, and two of them most unwisely added some intemperate remarks on the cruelty of dragging these poor men from their families to serve in a war which might be honorably closed, now that such great victories had been won. That night the emissaries of evil were busy in all the dark holes of that tangled wilderness of narrow streets and alleys which covers so large a portion of eastern New York. The clause in the conscription act allowing exemption on payment of $300 was especially denounced as in the interest of the rich. Monday at 10:30 a. m. the drawing was resumed at the same place, with the same officials and an immense crowd in the street. Some seventy names had been drawn when a pistol was fired in the street and the officials rose. There was an awful pause for perhaps twenty seconds, then a shower of brickbats and paving stones came crashing through the windows, and instantly the room was filled by a howling mob. Two clerks seized the wheel and escaped with it to the upper story. All the papers were torn to bits by the mob. Some of the officials were knocked down and forced into the street; the rest escaped by the back door. In less time than it takes to tell it the whole vicinity was in control of the mob. A man poured a can of turpentine over the room and applied a match; in ten minutes the building was blazing to the roof.

The firemen came, but the mob would not allow them to work till the building was destroyed. Deputy Provost Marshal Vanderpoel was captured and beaten to insensibility. Police Superintendent John A. Kennedy appeared in citizens' clothes, was knocked down, stamped and beaten to an almost shapeless mass; he survived, but never recovered, dying a few years after of chest troubles caused by the stamping. In the meantime the escaped officials had reached the Park barracks, and a small company of men from the Invalid corps who were there were hurried to the scene. Their captain ordered them to fire blank cartridges. The mob heard the order, jeered, rushed on the "old cripples," as the invalid veterans were called, wrenched the guns from their hands and good naturedly dismissed them with nothing worse than a few kicks and cuffs. But a small squad resisted; of these one was beaten to death, another thrown down a declivity and killed, and several others badly hurt. A small detachment of police next arrived and fought magnificently, inflicting fearful wounds on the rioters, but were finally defeated.

JOHN A. KENNEDY.

Down to this time the riot had been purely local; but the victorious mob now moved northward and eastward among the shops and warehouses; they drank freely at all the saloons, paying nothing of course, and com-

ATTACKS ON THE POLICE.

pelled all the laborers at the shops and mills to cease work and join them. Then the cry was raised, "Down with the rich men—the $300 exempts!" and while one part of the mob fell on every well dressed man whom curiosity had drawn to the scene, the other attacked the elegant houses on Lexington avenue and in that vicinity. First a fine mansion at Forty-seventh street and Lexington avenue was "gutted" and burned. Then the Bull's Head hotel shared the same fate. By this time the professional thieves and plunderers were out and managed to turn the mob toward Broadway, breaking in and robbing as they went. For one or two blocks this continued. The splintering crash of broken doors and the jingle of shattered plate glass delighted the drunken miscreants, while above the roar of the mob could now and then be heard the shrill screams of frightened women and children.

The mob now took a panic and rushed back (eastward) to First avenue. And here "Mr. Andrews, of Virginia," as he announced himself, first appeared upon the scene. He harangued the mob in opposition to the war and the wealthy, the soldiers and the negroes, and urged systematic organization and action. But the original cause of the trouble was now ignored, and a new element had the lead. Up from all the dirty cellars and down from all the dark garrets, out of all the low resorts, brothels, "kennels and dives," came the night prowlers and habitual criminals; and with them as the active spirits the terrible mass roared up First avenue. Every well dressed man they met was robbed and every negro beaten; the saloons and liquor stores were patronized without price, while doors and windows were broken. And so the mob went on growing till night.

In the meantime the mysterious "Mr. Andrews" got the lead again and directed the mob fury against the negroes and The Tribune office. And soon after occurred the most atrocious incidents of the list. Every negro in sight was chased, beaten and sometimes killed. A colored boy 10 years old was beaten to insensibility. A negro man was hanged and his legs slashed with knives while he was struggling in the agonies of death. Still another was hanged and his clothes set on fire as he was dying. The thin varnish of American civilization was quickly scraped off, and the innate wolf or hyena showed in look and act. Just before night occurred the attack on the colored orphan asylum, a spacious and beautiful building at the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-sixth street, in which some 200 colored orphans were cared for by an association of ladies. Giving the inmates barely time to escape, the rioters destroyed or carried off all the furniture, injuring several of their own party in their haste. A little girl was killed by a heavy chair, thrown from an upper window. The building was then fired and burned.

By a sort of unanimous instinct the rioters then began to move down toward The Tribune office, pausing on the way to destroy another enrolling office at Broadway and Twenty-ninth street, and plunder all the jewelry and drygoods stores near it. About dark the advance of the mob reached The Tribune office, forced an entrance, made a heap of papers on the counting room floor and set them on fire, but a brave police captain led in his squad and drove out the rioters, laying many of their carcasses stiff on the pavement. Horace Greeley straightway put his office on a war footing. The tanks were kept full of boiling water, with the hose and pipes arranged to turn it on an attacking mob; the employes were well armed, and a supply of hand grenades was secured of Commander Paulding, of the navy yard. The mob came on subsequent days, but could not bring their courage to the attacking point. The general course of plunder and robbery continued on Monday evening till near midnight, then a heavy rain dispersed the criminals.

Tuesday morning brought a shower of proclamations—one from Mayor George Opdyke, commanding all good citizens to enroll as special policemen and designating the rendezvous; another by Maj. Gen. John E. Wool, asking all old soldiers to enlist for order; still another from Gen. Sandford, directing the militia, and various orders and announcements. But the citizens did not rally, all the militia were absent but one regiment, there were but few United States troops on Governor's Island, and so, except as the police could oppose, the rioters went unchecked for another day. And the action of the police was worthy of all praise. Again and again did small squads of them meet and defeat masses of rioters, laying dozens dead or wounded on the street; but while this was going on there would be burning, murder and plundering in a dozen other places. Besides the usual outrages and murders of colored people the great event of this day (Tuesday, the 14th) was the inhuman murder of Col. H. T. O'Brien, of the Eleventh New York state troops. After serving against the mob he rashly returned to his house alone, in the disturbed district. Encountering there a small but not very turbulent mob, he upbraided them in the most pronounced manner. They moved towards him, he drew his revolver and fired, hitting a woman in the knee. She fell and his fate was sealed. Every one in the crowd was frantic to strike or kick him. He lay for hours on the pavement, after they had dragged him into the gutter and rolled him in the mud; and every time he moved enough to show that life was in him he was again stamped or beaten. In vain did Father Clowrey beg for leave to take the colonel home and bestow the last rites for the dying.

"You have killed him; let me give him the rites," said the priest.

"You can give the rites here, if you like," replied the mob; "you can't take him away."

So the priest knelt in the muddy street and administered the extreme unction. He remained by the colonel till dark, when death occurred.

Tuesday night an awful calm prevailed, but the glow of burning buildings showed where the rioters had done their latest work. Wednesday morning showed that the forces of law and order were organized, and the desperate closing struggle began. It is unnecessary to detail the proclamations, orders and movements, except to say that from Governor's Island, the Brooklyn barracks and navy yard, with the old soldiers, invalid corps and one regiment of militia, which was stopped just as it was ready to take the cars for Pennsylvania, enough soldiers were gathered to guard all the arsenals and public buildings, and leave a few hundred to back the police in clubbing the rioters. "And the clubbing was done to the queen's taste." In one brief combat thirty rioters were killed or mortally wounded. In another a howitzer was fired into a mob, killing twenty-two. And still the mob held on, and seemed to grow more fiendish.

Some very curious incidents occurred, illustrating the hatred of soldiers and negroes. Many houses were broken open on suspicion that wounded soldiers were concealed in them; and in one instance a convalescent colonel, wounded at Chancellorsville, was saved only by getting upon the top of the house and lying behind a chimney while the rioters searched the rooms below. A soldier who ventured out to see if the coast was clear was captured at the nearest corner and beaten to death. The stories of personal adventure during the riot would fill a large volume. At one time the Sixteenth Ward school house was regularly besieged because it contained two colored women, the scrubbers. The plucky teachers barred the doors and baffled the mob till the police arrived. The rioters in mere blind fury tore up the railroad tracks in the north end of town and sought to destroy the stone bridge over the Harlem. Mayor Opdyke's house was sacked. Horace Greeley's old boarding house on Twenty-ninth street was destroyed. But rather strangest of all was a riot within a riot, in this wise: A Mrs. Miller, of No. 107 Rivington street, had harbored a German girl, for immoral purposes, as supposed, and the case against her had failed in the courts; the girl's father and his friends, concluding that the reign of law was suspended, organized a little mob of their own and destroyed the house.

Thursday morning dawned on a city in which general business was completely suspended. The worst was over, but on that day and until midnight there were local disturbances attended with fearful slaughter of the rioters. Thirty were shot and bayonetted in one encounter. Three militia regiments arrived from Pennsylvania that day, and soon cleared most of the streets. Friday morning all the street cars and omnibuses were running again, and the riot was officially declared at an end. Then the arrests began, and behold, the great anti-war, anti-negro agitator, John U. Andrews, was captured in a room with his colored mistress. He was a native of Virginia, about 35 years old, and during his stay in New York had lived habitually with colored women, acting as their legal adviser and procuring bail when they were arrested. Not one in ten of the arrested were native Americans.

DRAGGING O'BRIEN'S BODY THROUGH THE MUD.

The total of lives lost could never be ascertained, but it was at least 200. The city paid some $2,000,000 for property destroyed. There was much recrimination, and the extent to which officials yielded to the mob is still a disputed question. Governor Seymour arrived on Tuesday and addressed the mob from the steps of city hall, urging them to disperse and promising to do what he could to have the draft brought to a close. In response to the governor's appeal President Lincoln readily agreed to have the constitutionality of the conscription act tested before the courts, and the federal judges all agreed that the act was constitutional. As soon as the official machinery could be organized the draft was resumed in New York without the slightest disturbance, and completed "amid general good humor," say the papers of that date. Soon after the spirit of volunteering revived in the country, and from that till the close of the war each succeeding quota of troops called for was more and more easily filled.

J. H. BEADLE.

BATTLE OF HELENA, ARK.

A Plucky Defense by Land and Water.

Yet another fight remains to be recorded for the battle day of July 4, 1863. This is the engagement at Helena, Ark. On the day named seven battles, great and small, took place in various parts of the country, and Vicksburg surrendered besides.

The Confederate general, E. Kirby Smith, was at that time in command of the trans-Mississippi Confederate department. In this department Lieut. Gen. T. H. Holmes had charge of the district of Arkansas.

June 15, 1863, Gen. Holmes, then at Little Rock, telegraphed Kirby Smith at Shreveport: "I believe we can take Helena. Please let me do it." Gen. Smith telegraphed back: "Most certainly do it."

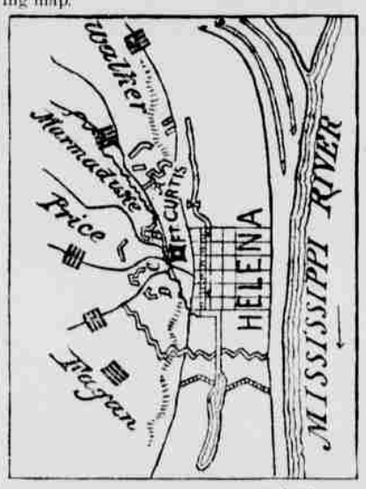
Maj. Gen. Benjamin M. Prentiss was at that time in command of the Union force at Helena. He entered the service at the beginning of the war, from Illinois, as a brigadier general. He resigned from the army in the fall of 1863.

GEN. B. M. PRENTISS.

Gen. Prentiss had with him at Helena 4,000 men, comprising a brigade of cavalry and one division of the Thirteenth army corps. Brig. Gen. Salomon was temporarily in command of the division. Helena had been strengthened by fortifications after it came into the hands of the Union authorities, in 1862. The town is upon a low plain, surrounded by ranges of hills. Upon a low ridge immediately west of the town a strong redoubt, called Fort Curtis, had been built. Upon the high ridges about the town four strong batteries, named A, B, C and D, had been planted. The town was thus well defended by guns and earthworks. The outlying defenses were in charge of Gen. Salomon. Between the batteries and the river were rifle pits.

June 25, 1863, Gen. Holmes started on his expedition against Helena. He intended to surprise the garrison and capture it and the town. Clarendon, sixty miles east of Little Rock, was the rendezvous for the forces of the attacking party. They were to advance in four columns, under Gens. Fagan, Price, Marmaduke and Walker. The Confederate soldiers consisted chiefly of Missourians, under their tried leaders, Marmaduke and Sterling Price, and of Arkansas troops under Walker, Fagan and McRae. The Confederate governor of Arkansas himself, Harris Flanagan, accompanied the expedition as aide to Gen. Holmes. In the start Gen. Holmes' force repeated the oft told story of projected simultaneous movements that failed to be simultaneous. Price and his Missourians were four days late at the rendezvous, owing to high water. Holmes was obliged to wait for them at Clarendon. Meantime Gen. Prentiss, at Helena, had been apprised of the Confederate design, and so all chance of a surprise passed away.

Holmes came on to the attack, however, in good style. He reached Helena on the night of July 3. He had orders to attack at daylight. He stationed one of his columns in the neighborhood of each of the Union batteries, as shown on the accompanying map.



FIGHT AT HELENA, JULY 4, 1863.

Price and Marmaduke were in the center, with Walker on the left and Fagan on the right. Prentiss had been looking for the attack for some days. All the night of July 3 he kept his troops under arms.

Marmaduke and Fagan attacked at daylight, according to the programme, Fagan with much vigor. His men carried the outer works in front of Battery D on the Union left. Then they attacked that work fiercely. But the other batteries were trained upon Fagan's men with a cross fire that withered them like a deadly blast, and the brigade fell back with a loss of 400 men.

Price's Missourians came into action an hour later than Fagan, and attacked Battery C with all their force. They carried the outer works and even Battery C itself. Price then ordered his men to cross to the right and attack Battery D in the rear.

But just in the critical moment his orders were not obeyed. There was great confusion among his men at this time. Before it cleared away Salomon's Union troops had attacked Battery C with great vigor and recaptured it.

GEN. T. H. HOLMES.

For over four hours there was hot fighting on the Union left. Then Holmes abandoned the idea of capturing Helena, and gave orders to retreat to Little Rock. He had led to Helena over 8,000 men. Of these, 1,500 remained behind on the field, dead, wounded, dying and prisoners. Prentiss, in his report, mentioned that he buried 400 dead.

Prentiss' garrison was not strong enough to follow in pursuit of Holmes, and the Confederates returned quietly to Little Rock. Gen. Prentiss lost 230 men. In the battle of Helena the Confederate cavalry was under command of Gen. Walker on the extreme left. Marmaduke expected support from Walker's cavalry, but did not receive it. The attack at that point was feeble.

It was, in fact, Admiral Porter himself who notified Gen. Prentiss of the approach of Holmes and his attacking force. Admiral Porter had received the information from Confederate deserters in the latter part of June. He forthwith dispatched gunboats up the river from Vicksburg to Helena, with the information to Gen. Prentiss to look out for the approach of a Confederate army. Admiral Porter also sent gunboats to other points which it was thought might also be attacked. Lieut. Commander Prichett, in command of the Tyler, was instructed under no circumstances to leave Helena.

It was after Price had captured Battery C that Prichett's gunboat came to the rescue in the nick of time. After capturing that point the Confederates poured down upon the town through the ravines between the hills. Prichett's gunners, from long training, had become admirable marksmen. Their commander directed them to train the broadside guns of the steamer upon the ravines down which the men in butternut gray were swarming.

They did so, and in a few seconds shells were bursting in quick succession among the closely packed Confederates in the narrow hill roads. They fell rapidly, bleeding, torn and dying, blocking the way with their bodies.

It was this terrible shelling of the ravines by the Taylor's guns that threw the Confederates into confusion. Those in the ravine roads turned and fled in panic. Those that had already gained the Union works at Battery C soon followed their example, bewildered by the blazing shells and the thunderous roar.

In his report of the battle of Helena, Gen. Prentiss said: "I attribute not a little of our success in the late battle to Lieut. Commander Prichett's full knowledge of the situation and his skill in adapting the means within his command to the end to be attained."

Thus, at Vicksburg, at Port Hudson and at Helena, along the Mississippi, victories were gained by the Union forces, all within a few days of one another, early in July, 1863. After this there was no more fighting on the great river beyond guerrilla incursions. The United States government, however, kept garrisons stationed at various points along its banks between New Orleans and Cairo till the end of the war.

FORT WAGNER.

The Historic Second Assault on Its Works, July 18, 1863.

Charleston harbor in general configuration resembles that of New York. The city is on a long, narrow tongue of land, between two rivers—the Cooper on the north, the Ashley on the south. Vessels entering the harbor approach between two islands—Sullivan's Island on the north, Morris Island on the south. The passage between these two may very well be compared to the Narrows at New York. On Morris Island, somewhat southeast of the narrowest part of the channel, was Fort Wagner, a Confederate defense of Charleston, the possession of which was especially aimed at by the Union force.

CHARLESTON HARBOR.

Charleston harbor, like that of New York, contains various small islands. During the war these were covered with Confederate fortifications. In and about Charleston the Confederates had altogether 376 guns.

Not much was done toward prosecuting the war vigorously on the coast of South Carolina until March, 1863. Then a land and naval force, under Gen. John G. Foster, was sent to attack Charleston and Fort Sumter. A naval attack was made on Fort Sumter April 7, 1863.

It was next determined that the Union forces should occupy Morris Island, near the north end of which was Fort Wagner. For this the land and naval force was put under command of Gen. Q. A. Gillmore. He accordingly took possession of Morris Island up to within a mile of Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg, on Cummings' Point. These were very heavily fortified.

July 11 Gen. Gillmore's troops made an assault on the Confederate works at Fort Wagner. Part of the assaulting column reached the parapet, but their supports not coming up they were forced to retreat, with a loss of 150. That attack is known in war history as the first assault on Fort Wagner. The next attack is far more widely known, and it is mentioned as the second assault on Fort Wagner.

GEN. GILLMORE.

It occurred July 18, one week after the first attack. After the failure of the first assault Gen. Gillmore brought forward all his resources by land and sea to prosecute the siege of Charleston.

The reduction of Fort Wagner was the first great task before him. The fleet was under command of Admiral John A. Dahlgren. The attack of July 18 was opened by the navy just before noon. Gen. Gillmore had meantime succeeded in bringing twelve of his heaviest siege guns and eight mortars to bear on the fort. With these he attacked from the land side.

The plan was the usual one, heavy bombardment first, assault afterward. Fort Wagner was one of the strongest defensive works in the country, a monument of engineering skill. It was built of immense timbers, covered with sand bags, forming bombproofs twenty feet thick. Both the timber and the sand were ready at hand for the Confederate engineers, and good use they made of their material. Fort Wagner was so situated that its fall would involve the loss to the Confederates of Fort Sumter and Sullivan's Island and consequently Charleston. Full well its builders knew this, and they had prepared it accordingly.

Admiral Dahlgren led the way up to the attack, July 18, in his flagship, the Montauk. Immediately following was the New Ironsides with four other ships and a number of gunboats. The gunboats were in charge of Commander Rhind.

The flood tide in the afternoon enabled the fleet to come within 300 yards of the fort, and they renewed their fire with great vigor. Wagner replied at first, but when the fleet came near the fort guns were soon silenced and did not fire a shot more. One gun in the fort was dismounted by the Federal fire and another burst.

Meantime the heavy guns, which, on the landside, Gen. Gillmore had succeeded in bringing within 800 yards of Wagner, were not idle. During the afternoon and until dusk they kept up a steady, raking fire. But upon the timber and sandbag bombproofs the shot and shell made no impression worth mentioning. The soldiers simply retired within their bombproofs and were safe from harm.

They were reserving themselves for the final assault on their work.

THE ASSAULT.

The fleet kept up its pounding until dark. Then the naval force ceased firing. Soon they heard the rattle of musketry from the direction of the land, and they knew that Gillmore's assaulting column was at work.

Then occurred the historic episode which has made famous the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts colored regiment and its colonel, Robert G. Shaw. The assaulting force was under command of Gen. T. Seymour. It consisted of two brigades. One was led by Brig. Gen. George C. Strong. It comprised the Seventh Connecticut, Third New Hampshire, Ninth Maine, Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania and Forty-eighth New York regiments. At the head of the other was Col. H. S. Putnam, with the Seventh New Hampshire, Sixth Connecticut, Sixty-second Ohio and One Hundredth New York. The colored regiment was assigned to Strong's Brigade. This regiment was the especial protege of Governor John A. Andrew, the war governor of Massachusetts. Colored troops were an almost untried experiment. When Governor Andrew received authority to enlist such a regiment he determined to select for it the best officers of the Massachusetts volunteers.

Capt. Robert G. Shaw was a young officer in the Second Massachusetts, by family one of the most highly connected men in the state, and in war an officer with a brilliant record. Governor Andrew wrote to Shaw's father, Francis G. Shaw, of Staten Island, N. Y., asking permission to appoint Robert G. colonel of the negro regiment. It was given, and the young colonel took command. Two sons of Frederick Douglass were in the ranks. As it marched through Boston on its way to the front cheer after cheer rent the air from crowds of friendly citizens.

ROBERT G. SHAW.

This was May 28, 1863, and that was the last sight Boston ever had of Robert G. Shaw. July 19, he lay dead beside the parapet of Fort Wagner, beneath a heap of his own colored soldiers, and to this day no mortal knows exactly where he is buried.

The colored troops led the advance, occupied the post of honor and of danger. Gen. Strong himself was a Massachusetts man. An officer of the Fifty-fourth writes of Col. Shaw:

"He walked slowly up and down the line, clad in a short jacket. His silver eagles shone upon his shoulders, and the fair hair which hung below his cap gave him the seeming of a boy. His carriage was calm and noble; a pale cheek and lips constrained alone bore witness to his sense of responsibility. 'Prove yourselves men,' he said to those who were to die with him in one short hour. It was soon to be the proudest boast of the survivors that they 'charged with Shaw at Wagner!'"

GEN. STRONG.

The assaulting columns started from behind sand-hills upon the beach and advanced to the fort along a strip of land wide enough at its narrowest for 200 men to walk abreast.

The force within the fort was underestimated by the Union commander. Testimony since obtained is to the effect that the Union signals between the army and the fleet were seen and read by the Confederates, who were, therefore, prepared for every move of the Union general. They had thrown a large number of re-enforcements into Wagner and strengthened their defenses.

The Confederates remained silent within the fort till the advancing column charged up to the works. Then suddenly they opened a terrific fire of grape, canister and musketry.

Strong's brigade charged first, bravely and well. They crossed the water under the embankment, and endeavored to hold their ground. The second brigade, with Col. Putnam at its head, came to their support.

There was desperate fighting at the parapet. The Confederates met the advancing assaulters at the top with hand grenades that did deadly execution. Assaulters and defenders grappled for a time in a sickening hand to hand fight, with pistols, guns and bayonets and hand grenades. Bodies of Union soldiers fell outside the works into the water, and bodies of Confederates fell inside the fort.

GEN. BEAUREGARD.

Gen. Stevenson's brigade had been posted in the rear as a reserve, and the assaulters looked anxiously for it as they began to fall wounded and dying by the parapet. The officer of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts writes:

"Three officers of the Fifty-fourth still stand together on the rampart. There are no men. 'Why does not that brigade come?' was the despairing cry.

"A few of the Forty-eighth New York are near us, fighting over a traverse. We join them and take part in the fray. The foe are scarcely a musket's length from us. They ply us with bullets and hand grenades. The national flag of one of the regiments is planted on the bombproof which forms one side of the bastion. About it a desperate struggle goes on. Its battered silk and tarnished gold are trodden deep into the soil. Beside it Col. Putnam falls. * * * At this moment Capt. J. falls heavily against me, and before my question: 'Are you hurt, Ned?' can be answered, a crushing blow upon the breast lays me by his side."

The support that had been expected—the brigade of Gen. Stevenson—did not arrive. It was waiting for information that a foothold had been gained in Wagner. The southeast bastion of the fort was really gained by the Union troops and held for over an hour. In the terrible fighting that followed Gens. Seymour and Strong were both wounded and carried from the field. Sole command then devolved on Col. Putnam. He sent a messenger to Gillmore imploring the re-enforcements to hasten. Stevenson's brigade started. But before it reached the works it was met with the information that Col. Putnam, the last brigade officer, had been killed. The few troops left alive were falling back. The second assault on Fort Wagner was over.

The column of attack numbered 6,000 men. Their loss was 1,520, more than a fourth of their whole number. The colored regiment, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, went into the fight 650 strong, and came out with 247 of its number lying dead and wounded below the sand bag embankments of Fort Wagner. Fourteen of its twenty officers were killed and wounded. Gen. Strong died of his wounds, and Cols. Putnam, Shaw and Chatfield were killed.

There were 1,000 Confederates in Fort Wagner, and they lost in killed, wounded and missing, 174.

Gen. Beauregard was in command of the Confederate forces at Charleston. He refused to parole or exchange, dead or alive, the officers of the negro regiments who had fallen into his hands. Efforts were made to obtain the body of Col. Robert G. Shaw, who had fallen while fighting upon the parapet. His family sought this favor without avail. To all endeavors, even to find his grave, the Confederates are said to have answered that Shaw was buried under his negroes.